July 4, 1971

Dear Harold,

Well, I'm finally sitting down to write you this letter which is about three months overdue. If the typing doesn't look too good it's because this is a new old typewriter and I haven't yet found out what's wrong with it. It's one of those real little portables and seems to be okay except for some letters not printing entirely.

I assume you're still holding onto that MM material and that yo gathered from my silence that I intend to get down there to pick it up rather than having you go to the expense and risk of mailing it. I doubt that I'll be able to get there before August. I've got some more material for you then. Did you know they disbanded?

Lita has gone back to Chicago. After much soul-searching, etc. she decided she would feel better and be happier there and that our relationship had more or less reached the point where it was benefitting neither of us and we were holding onto it more out of habit than anything else. As I'm sure you know, I'm no longer the person I was three years ago, and neither is she. It's quite likely that if we met today we wouldn't be the least interested in each other, that's how drastic the changes have been. We live in very changing times, I guess, and most everything is subject to change.

As for my own situation, it recently struck me how close I have come in the past couple years to being a martyr, and who it was for. This realization has caused me to decide that I'd rather leave the fighting to someone else for the coming years, if there's anyone who wants to do it. In short, I've retired from the struggle. I intend to catalogue and index all the material I've collected (MM, Panter, etc.) and then either write articles about it or just store the stuff away for future reference. If I can pull together enough ambition in the next six months I hope to start writing novels again. To support myself I'm going back into the broadcasting business. I can stay at the clinic until next Spring, during which time I'm going to get an FCC first class operator's license so I can work as an engineer as well as an announcer. Another fellow and I are starting an Italian language radio show here in Pittsburgh in two weeks, which will get me back onto the air and into AFTRA. I'm tired of jousting with windmills for people who don't even care. Next year, if all goes well, I'll look for a small farm or some other piece of country property to buy, and I'll concern myself with the political intrigues of pine trees, and the avariciousness of squirrels.

So if you're going to be home I'll see you sometime during August -- I'd probably drive down on a weekday and drive back the same night.

Russ